



Music



poetry

music

75 13 7

Chapter 1 by kaT

Music what is it exactly.
Is it the sound we make with our voice?
Or is it our finger tapping?
What is music?
It's a mystery to never be solved.

Chapter 2 by -



Music is what releases that
Sorrow trapped deep within,
It takes sadness and converts
it just as soon as you begin.

Music is what transports you
To another world of beauty,
It takes away thoughts of the

Present and dreams yet to see.

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Chapter 3 by -

It has been said that the voice
"Expresses the inexpressible"

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And I whole hardily agree.

In every stroke there is
A measured movement
Of the arm and wrist.

Through the vibrato
One can permeate
emotion and feeling.

Music is a source of
Indescribable pleasure
For those who seek it.

Chapter 4 by jaiiy



A piano can reach
Into your soul
And grab ahold
Of your heart

And never let go.

It can ring out
Every tear
Every laugh
Every word

And bring it to life.

When you play
It's for a reason

For love?

For magic?

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But the notes are clear,

and echo into the depths of your heart.

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Chapter 5 by clarinetactivist



Music is the sweat,
Music is the tears,
on paper.

The black dots that
fulfill a chord
or trouble it,
make it stressful
or soothing.

Music is the space between those black dots
The silent counting,
concentrating,

one
and
two
and
three
and
four
and.

The strength of a whole note
Or the disatisfying dotted quater note.

Music is the volume its spoken with,
Forte,
to celebrate triumph
get captured by the villian,
scream your agony to the world,

Piano,
the whisper in your ear,
tears dripping one by one
rabbits innocently hopping
Forte

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Piano

metzoforte

pianissimo

all which speak your thoughts

to console or concict.

Music is the pronunciation of your thoughts,

The hard accent of your frustration,

the fortepiano of frustration that quickly subsided,

or the legato that soothes your soul

that languidly showers you

warms you

hugs you.

But most of all,

Music is the seven years of hard work,

that it took to get there,

the incessant practicing,

the grinding metronome,

The sweat of all the hard work that it takes

to read music

play the rhythms

at the appropriate volume

and using the articulations

all while perfectly in time

And the tears when it all works together,

when a beautifully written score comes to life,

See music isn't the pure emotion that one may hear,

it is the low hum of all the gears

precisely calculated,

turning at the predicted time

under the hands of a skilled engineer

that creates the emotion,

the harmony,

the engineer,

me.

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Chapter 6 by kaT

Music, that will never fade.
Music, that gives me strength.
Music, that shares happiness.
Music, the all-time friend.
and
Love is my music.
Rhythmic and soulful.
You are my music,
Eccentric and special.

and this music, oh love,
is eternal,
both internal and external.

Chapter 7 by Elysian Eevee

It is like,
the time never fades,
as each note always expect you to turn a page in your life.
That continuous movement stopping,
breaking,
fading, .
and playing.
It never blinked.
It always happens.
It always linked itself with a wink.
You get the hint.
Music always had a way with the world and how we make it.
I mean I'm no expert but if I were to associate with music. I'd stick with whatever comes at me.

Cause I'd be myself as a rapper cause music ain't just only the notes to be the best at being me.
You see?

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Chapter 8 by Ria

Music is a form of your



soul, an honest form you
cannot take back
once told
The deepest feelings you hide
are seen by those
with good ears,
good eyes,
you cannot hide your
soul even if
you want to

the end

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